National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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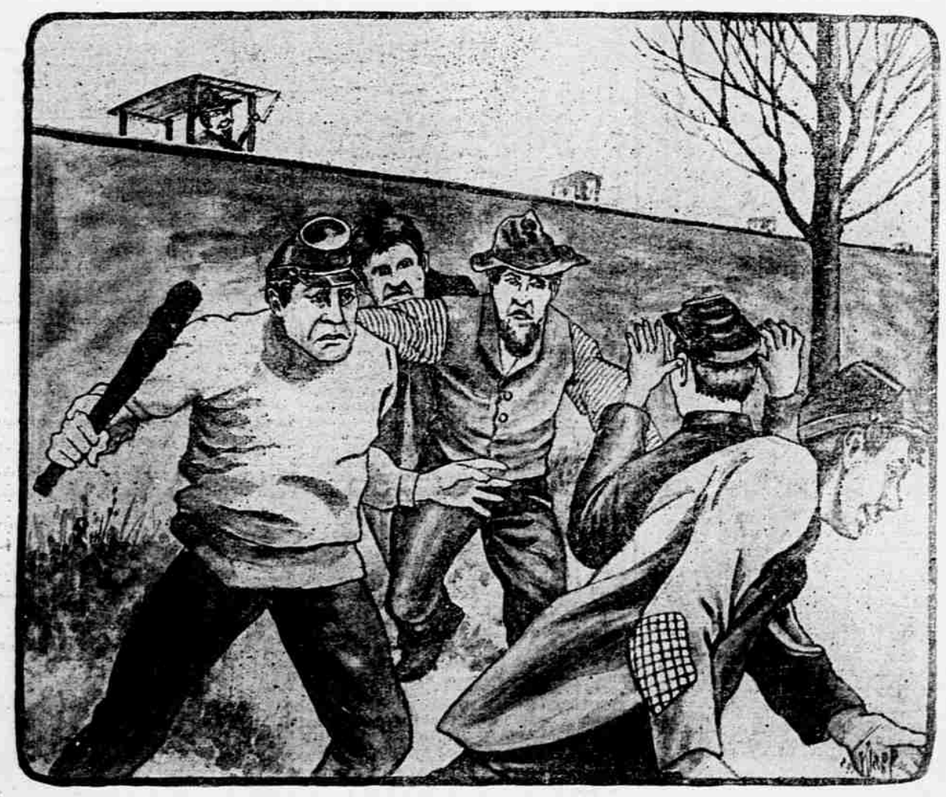
A Boy Lieutenant in a Black Regiment.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY, First Lieutenant, 30th U. S. C. T.

SYNOPSIS.

On the organization of colored regiments, in 1864, the author, a cadet in the Highland Military Academy (Mass.), secured a commission as First Lieutenant, 30th U. S. C. T. May 4, 1864, he joined his regiment at Manassas and was present at the battle of the Wilderness, though not actively engaged. Early in July the 30th U. S. C. T. joined the troops before Petersburg, and was one of the colored regiments selected to charge the Crater after the explosion of the Mine. It suffered heavy loss in killed and prisoners. Capt. Bowley was sent to Columbia, S. C., as a prisoner.



STONEMAN'S RAIDERS RESENTING AN INSULTING GESTURE.

Although newspapers were denied us, we still managed to obtain the news. Sometimes we received a paper from a friendly guard, and sometimes the officer of the guard would allow someone to read his paper for a few moments; but our chief source of information was Capt. Harris, the prisoner under death sentence. Capt. Harris was confined in the corner room on the first floor nearest the guard-house of the jail.

Although he was compelled to wear chains on his ankles, he really fared much better than any of us. The United States Government had placed a Confederate Major, a prominent South Carolinian, as hostage for Capt. Harris, and notified the Confederate Government that if Capt. Harris was executed the Confederate Major would be hung at once. Both men had wealthy friends, and an arrangement was made whereby Capt. Harris's friends furnished the Confederate Major with such articles and extras as he desired, and the Major's family, who resided in Columbia, supplied the wants of Capt. Harris. By these means Capt. Harris received good food and considerable Confederate money.

A newspaper was also supplied him, and it did not take long for the Yanks to devise means to borrow that newspaper. A hole was cut through the plank flooring and the ceiling below, and by wrapping the paper on a stick, we soon had possession of it. It was necessary to return the paper to the Captain, as he was obliged to give it back to the guard officer. This line of communication was discovered one day, and promptly suppressed. It seriously troubled the prison authorities, and they turned us all down into the back yard and searched the jail thoroughly.

A CONSPIRACY SUSPECTED.

Among other discoveries were some shorthand notes. One of our officers was a good short-hand writer, and to pass the time and also keep himself in practice he would jot down any story or conversation that he might hear. Capt. Senn found a dozen or more sheets covered with these phonetic characters, and at once concluded that he had detected a conspiracy. He took the papers to the local authorities, and they were able to translate just enough to assure themselves that the paper was a veritable find, if the cipher could be solved. The whole affair was sent to the Secret Service Bureau at Richmond. We never heard the result of the Bureau's investigation.

The other Union officers who were confined at "Camp Sorghum" were escaping in great numbers, though most of them were soon recaptured.

In a small brick house directly opposite the jail were a pack of bloodhounds and English bulldogs. These dogs had been trained to hunt runaway negroes, but were now being used to trail and run down escaped Yankee prisoners. Every morning we would see this pack of dogs, followed by four or five men on horseback, each man armed with a shotgun and two revolvers, start out in search of escaped Yankees.

Lieut. Edward B. Parker, Co. B, 11th Vt., was brought into our jail, badly bitten by these dogs. He was sent to the hospital, and died Oct. 3, 1864, from the effects of his wounds.

On the morning of Dec. 12, 1864, all the prisoners at "Camp Sorghum" were transferred to the yard of the insane asylum. They passed in front of the jail, and a most curious and comical sight they presented. They had all sorts of uniforms, and their bundles and baggage were of the greatest variety. The same day, just after we had received our dinner allowance of cowpeas and cornbread, we were ordered to pack up. A heavy guard was waiting outside for us. We noticed that the new guards were altogether a different set of men from those who composed the post guard. There was something about them that indicated the veteran soldier. They handled their arms with ease, and moved with a celerity and precision that denoted previous experience. We soon learned that they were the 2d S. C. Reserves, composed of men who had been wounded and disabled at the front. Their position corresponded to that of the Veteran Reserve Corps of the Union army.

Bidding the post guard "good-by," and cautioning them never to get too near to "Mr. Sherman and his company," we left the jail. As we marched away we saw the pale, anxious face of Capt. Harris watching us through the prison bars. He waved to us a sad farewell. A march of a mile brought us to the yard of the insane asylum. A heavy gate of plank had been placed in one of the brick walls, and opposite the gate was a 12-pound brass fieldpiece. The gates swung open and we were driven in. A chorus of yells and shouts of "fresh fish!" greeted us. We were not "fresh fish" by any means, but we were questioned as eagerly as if we were recent captives. Some of our party found comrades from their own regiments.

"CAMP ASYLUM."

The grounds where we were confined were about four acres in extent. On three sides were high brick walls, and on the fourth side, next to the asylum building, was a high plank stockade. Sentry-boxes were placed at the tops of the walls all around, about 35 feet apart. Four pieces of artillery were ready to sweep the interior in case of revolt. Forty feet from the wall, on the inside, was the "dead line," a single furrow turned up with the plow. To step on or over this dead line was to be shot without challenge. Two or three rough board houses were in process of construction, and we were promised lumber to make shelter for all. In one corner of the yard was a two-story frame house, some building connected with the asylum. In another corner of the lot were six water troughs filled with good, clear water. Three of these were to be used for cooking, and three for washing. It did not take us long to make a survey of this place and come to the conclusion that "we were in a mighty tight box." The chances for escape or revolt were most decidedly poor.

Our arrival had swelled the number of prisoners there to about 1,300, all officers. We were directed to form ourselves into messes of 36 men; three messes made a squad. Our designation was "Mess One, Squad Seven."

WITHOUT SHELTER OR FOOD.

A cold, raw wind was sweeping over the country, and our thin, ragged clothing furnished us but little protection. We were chilled to the very bone when the sun went down. With the setting of the sun the wind died away and the cold, sharp, white frost came down upon us. Sanders and myself, wrapped in my pieces of shelter tent, lay down close together, trying to keep each other warm, for we had neither shelter, blankets or fires. As we lay there shivering we heard the band playing "Dixie" and "Bonnie Blue Flag," in honor of President Jeff Davis, who had arrived that day, and was stopping at the Congaree Hotel.

The cold was intense, and to prevent freezing to death we got up and ran around to restore our warmth. We stamped around until we were exhausted, and then lay down to shiver again, and in that way passed a long, miserable night. When daylight and sunrise came the other prisoners commenced cooking their breakfasts, making mush and corncakes. Some baked sweet potatoes and a few had loaves of white bread and pieces of fresh beef. In one corner of the prison was a sutler's tent, and those who had money could purchase bread, beef and potatoes. We of the Richland jail crowd made anxious inquiries about our rations, and were informed that the rations had been issued to the camp on the previous day, and that there would be no more rations issued for four days. This prospect was most discouraging.

We urged our case to the commanding officer of the prison, and, after a long delay, he promised to send a team to the jail to bring our supplies, which had been left behind. We waited until noon, and no rations appeared. Then I started in to "rustle," and managed to borrow a pint of cornmeal. This I cooked into mush in my quart tin cup and divided with my two comrades. No rations came that day, and we went supperless to bed, if lying shivering on the frozen ground could be called going to bed.

The next morning we were ravenous, but there were no rations. The other prisoners pitied us, but they had nothing to spare. I picked up and ate some sweet potato skins that had been thrown into a slop-hole. The loaves of fresh white bread looked most tantalizing at the sutler's, but we had no money. I attempted to trade some of my military buttons for a loaf, and was jeered at by the sutler. I turned away, almost ready to break down with weakness and hunger and smarting under the insult.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A cheery voice addressed me: "What's the matter, Lieutenant? You look down at the mouth!"

A short, stout man, with a Captain's straps, had accosted me. There was something about him that indicated the "old prisoner." In a few words I explained the situation.

"That's rough," he said. "Where are you from?"

When I told him that my parents resided in Worcester he was much interested. Did I know certain parties that he named? Fortunately, I was well acquainted with them.

"I think," he said, "that I can help you a little. Take this, and when it is gone come to me, and I'll put you in the way of getting some more," and he placed a Confederate bill in my hands, and walked off into the crowd. I grasped the bill closely; $5 would buy me a loaf of bread; $10 would make me happy! I looked at the bill and nearly fainted! One hundred dollars!

I read it over and over again. There was no mistake; the words were there, the "Confederate Government promises to pay Bearer, One Hundred Dollars," etc.

It did not take me long to purchase three loaves of bread and some sweet potatoes and take them to my chums. I did not explain to them the extent of my good fortune, but merely informed them that I had "made a raise."

The officer who so kindly assisted me in my hour of need was Capt. Wm. W. Wilson, 104th N. Y. He was one of the Gettysburg prisoners. Our long delayed rations, consisting of meal and sorghum, were finally brought to us, and the question arose, how should we save them? One of my mates solved the problem by cutting off part of his drawers leg and making a meal sack of it. Our share of the sorghum molasses was entrusted to the care of a friend who had a canteen. My quart tin cup and the two side plates of an old canteen were the only utensils that three of us possessed, and we soon found that the tin cup was sufficiently large to cook all the meal that we could afford to use at one time. A cold, sleety rain came on, and we spent a most miserable time, huddled together, with our little pieces of shelter-tent, trying to keep off the wet. When morning came, and we attempted to cook a little hot mush to keep the life in our shivering bodies, we found it impossible to keep the fire burning.

The driving rain would put out the fire as often as we lighted it. The wood was green pine, and gave out much smoke, but no heat. After several failures, two of us held a piece of shelter tent over the fire, and the third man stirred the mush. It was the most discouraging cooking that I ever attempted. For a few days lumber came in quite rapidly, and five or six rough houses were erected. We also received the frame for our squad building. Then the issue of lumber stopped. My two mates and myself succeeded in obtaining permission to sleep on the ground floor of the house belonging to another squad. This was such an improvement over lying out in the frost and rain, that we considered ourselves very fortunate.

A regular government was established inside the prison. Col. Warren Shedd, 30th Ill., the senior officer among the prisoners, was the commanding officer inside of the prison; Lieut.-Col. Thorp, 1st N. Y. Dragoons, was our Chief Commissary; Adj't A. O. Abbott, 1st N. Y. Dragoons, was the Inside Adjutant. All orders to the prisoners were sent through Col. Shedd. The rations were delivered in bulk to Lieut.-Col. Thorp, and all letters were received and delivered by Adj't Abbott.

Every squad had its Chief and its Commissary. Col. Daniel White, 31st Me., was Chief of Squad Seven. Each mess likewise had its Chief, who acted as Chief and Commissary. Capt. Dicey, 1st Mich. S. S., was the senior officer of our mess.

SCANT RATIONS.

The rations of meal and sorghum were hauled inside the stockade and placed on the ground. Then Lieut.-Col. Thorp would order the sacks of meal placed in 13 piles, one pile for each squad. The amount of sorghum for each squad was easily estimated and fairly divided. Sometimes there was a little rice and a very little salt. This extra food would be divided down by a tin cupful all around; then a smaller cup, and I have seen a tablespoon used to equalize the ration.

The wood was piled into 13 piles and some officer would turn his back and the Commissary would ask: "Who shall have this pile?" The officer would name the squad, and its Chief would immediately take possession of it. This distribution would continue until all the piles were gone. The Squad Commissaries would now have their rations carried to their particular part of the enclosure, and the cry would be raised, "Mess Commissaries, come get your meal and sorghum." The rations would then be reduced, and a third part would be given to each mess.

The Mess Commissary would then divide among the men. Usually three or four men formed a little mess. Sanders, representing our mess, would say: "I draw for three men." The meal would be divided with a pint tin cup; the cup must be filled and then scraped off evenly level. The ration was supposed to be a pint of meal per day to each man, but it seldom held out. Four and a half pints for the five days was about the average. The rice and salt were in such meager quantities that generally only half the mess received any. The remainder waited for the next issue.

ELEVENTH CORPS PRISONERS.

There were regular cliques and factions among the prisoners, generally a man associated with the comrades who were captured in the same battle. The oldest prisoners were from Gen. Milroy's command, captured near Winchester in June, 1863. They were generally known as "Milroy's Thieves," though what they had ever done to merit this appellation I never knew. "The Gettysburg prisoners" were a large body, but they were subdivided into different corps organizations. The First Corps men kept by themselves, and were not on very good terms with the Eleventh Corps men. Most of these latter were Germans, and many fights occurred between the "Eleventh Corps Dutch" and the "First Corps Irish." The Germans were fond of singing in their mother tongue, and the First Corps boys would exasperate them by singing, "Say, Dutchy, will you fight mit Sigel?"

Another song that was particularly offensive to the Germans was one known as "Virginia Lowlands." The particular verse at which they took umbrage was the one referring to the rout of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville. The words were as follows:

"Joe Hooker made a movement
Not many months ago;
And when he made it, boys,
He didn't make it slow!
The rebels they soon found it out,
And flanked him on the right,
And that's the reason why, my boys,
We're bumming here to-night
In the South Car'lina Lowlands, low!"

Any remarks about the "Flying Half Moon," or "I fights mit Sigel and runs mit Howard," would bring out a volley of German expletives.

The aristocracy of all the prisoners were the Regulars. They held aloof from the common volunteers, and formed a little coterie of their own. Some of "Streight's Raiders" who escaped from Libby through the famous tunnel, only to be recaptured, divided with the Regulars in exclusiveness. They were not all members of Col Streight's command, but the name covered them. The "Chickamauga Gang," a lot of officers captured in that battle, claimed the distinction of being the greatest travelers. After their capture they were sent south; then north to Richmond to be confined in Libby; then to Danville; then to Macon, Ga.; then to Savannah; thence to Charleston to be placed under fire; from there to "Camp Sorghum," Columbia; then to "Camp Asylum."

The "Plymouth Pilgrims" was the name bestowed upon the officers captured at Plymouth, N. C. It included all the officers of the 16th Conn., two companies of the 2d Mass. H. A., and all of the 101st and 103d Pa. and 85th N. Y. When these officers were captured they were allowed to retain all of their clothing and blankets. They brought their valises with them. Consequently they were the best supplied and most comfortable of any of the prisoners.

A lot of officers of colored troops were among the "Olustee" prisoners, so called from the unfortunate battle of that name. Among them was Maj. Archibald Bogle, 35th U. S. C. T. The Confederates, thinking to humiliate him, placed him with the enlisted men in the prison pen at Andersonville. The Major immediately set about organizing an outbreak. Under his directions tunnels were run so as to undermine the stockade. Detachments were told off to charge and seize the rebel artillery, and gunners selected to man the guns. A heavy force sufficient to overrun the guards was to beat down the infantry and obtain their muskets. The tunnels were built, but the plot was exposed by some renegade. Before the Confederates could strengthen the stockade a heavy shower

(Continued on second page.)

A Union Man in Richmond

Personal Recollections of the Great Rebellion, by a Man on the Inside.

BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

"AND THERE WAS WAR IN HEAVEN."

The ancient writers tell us that, once upon a time, Lucifer, aided and abetted by his angels, revolted against the authority and power of God in the Heavens; whether from disappointed ambition or whether from an uncontrollable desire to become "free and independent," we are not informed so plainly as we might desire. Yet we may reasonably conclude that these "ambitious views" of Lucifer were strong factors in connection with his revolt in the Heavens. We are further told that the Archangel Michael proceeded against Lucifer, with his angels, when a fearful battle ensued, which, no doubt, caused the angels to so shudder with horror that the Heavens, from the First to the "Seventh," trembled, and were moved with a holy agitation. Lucifer and his angels were finally overwhelmed, defeated, and "hurled from the Battlements of Heaven." Is that brief description of the events connected with the revolt of Lucifer literally correct? Who shall answer?

Now, in this fair country of the United States of North America, in 1861, began a mighty revolt against the authority and power of the United States, incited, at first, by a dozen or so discontented people of the Southern States, for their own purposes, good or bad. These gentlemen, who were at the head of the disunion movement, claimed the right of secession for the Southern States, to be a "free and independent" nation, to be called the Confederate States of America. After secession had been accomplished, and the Confederate States formed, military law prevailed in the South; that is, "martial law" was declared, and the Union crushed out. In many cases Union men were given offices. This induced many of that class to give their allegiance to the Confederate Government, apparently, at all events, particularly those who possessed property, which would have certainly been confiscated by the Confederate Government, especially if the owner had been born in a Northern State. The mechanics generally remained loyal to the United States, many of them going through the lines to the North, while some few remained, principally, I think, on account of the high prices paid to skilled labor.

With the military in supreme control in the South, everything was lovely, in the estimation of the Confederates. And then there was "War in Heaven," and in the fairest earthly heaven beneath the stars.

It is not my purpose to write a history of the war which followed. It has been ably written by many hands, and I only propose to refer to the battles, incidentally, which, from fate or the governing power of circumstance, brought me near or in immediate contact, and which might perceptibly add to the general interest of this article.

SECESSION MOVEMENT.

We all know how, in the grand finale, the angels of the earthly Lucifer were almost literally "hurled from the battlements of Heaven" at Petersburg by the modern St. Michael and his hosts, Grant. Lucifer himself, however, "stood not upon the order of his going," but "hurled" himself, and rapidly too, from the "battlements" reproduce it in these "Recollections." The paragraph in question is as follows:

"Now, in the United States of America, in the year of our Lord, 1861, some ambitious men of the Southern States, for their own reasons, good or bad, resolved to break up the Union of States, which had prospered beyond precedent, which, by political means, they had governed, but on which they were about to lose their hold. By using the pretext of slavery, which existed in the South, they aroused their people to a very frenzy, seceded (or their States seceded) from the Union, and established a Southern Confederacy, the Capital of which was first at Montgomery, Ala., afterwards at Richmond, Va., with Jefferson Davis as their President. By a conspiracy, as clearly established as any fact in history, they seized all the property of the United States, within the seceded States, except a few feebly garrisoned points along the seaboard, and proclaimed themselves a new nation, 'with slavery the corner-stone.'"

This tells the whole story, and I apprehend that there are few persons, even in the South, who will decline to endorse this plain and brief "statement of the case."

I think I shall not be contradicted in asserting that Gen. Sherman was a great soldier, a noble gentleman, truthful, intelligent and honorable.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

The Winter of 1860 brought troublous times indeed. The loyal element predominated in Richmond, by all accounts, and much bad feeling was engendered between the contending parties—the Union party and the Secession party. Intimate friends became enemies, and much general disorder prevailed, much of it being brought about by the combined influences of quarrels, disputes, secession, and, let us add, whisky, that flowed "as do the waters of a river." About this period, previous to the assembling of the Secession Convention, a most remarkable attack, or series of attacks, was made on a private residence which was situated in the northwest portion of the city, near the suburbs. This occurrence and mysterious connections, I think, are worthy of a recital in these "Recollections." The mystery of it all was never solved, though thoroughly investigated by police, detectives and many citizens.

About the period referred to, the morning papers stated that, on the day before, a house occupied by a gentleman and his wife, situated in the northwestern portion of the city, had been mysteriously assailed with stones, bricks, and other missiles, in the broad daylight; that the police had been entirely unable to prevent it, though on hand most of the day; nor could the police, neighbors, or occupants of the house see from what quarter the missiles came even. The missiles could not be seen in the air, and were only observed when they actually struck the house. Notice was given that a large force of police would be on hand that morning to surround the house in question, and capture the perpetrators, if in the power of the police force. This notice attracted hundreds, perhaps a thousand. On my arrival there, about 8 o'clock in the morning, I found a large number of citizens (mulattoes I thought) were intently looking at the "haunted house," as it was then called. Policemen formed a line nearly around the house, and hundreds of private citizens were assisting in the possible detection of the mysterious brick and stone throwers. Just then a whole brick struck the left side of the house near where I was standing with a policeman whom I knew personally. The brick struck the top of the window, and the blinds were shattered, and hung suspended by one hinge. Another completed the destruction of the window and blinds; then bricks and stones came thick and fast, and the side of the house was dented nearly all over, and the planks were broken in many places.

Then the crowd yelled aloud, and the police ran in many directions. Up to this time no one had seen a brick or stone in the air. I was looking intently in the direction the missiles must have come from, but we saw not a missile until it struck the house and shattered into small fragments. Now a lull came which lasted for several minutes, when a heavy object of some sort struck the house with tremendous force, but did not break. I stepped forward to pick it up, when the policeman, who had been standing near me, picked it up just in front of me, and after examining it handed it to me. It proved to be a large marble book of exquisite shape and polish. On the back was cut in large letters: "The Holy Bible."

People cried out when they examined it, and expressed themselves in many ways, and many thought it foretold dire disasters to the city, and that something dreadful was about to happen in connection with the then threatening rumbles of the secession movement; and all seemed greatly impressed with the scenes witnessed, particularly with the stone Bible. Not another stone or other missile struck the house, and, after waiting an hour or so, the people departed. The house was a wreck, but was never stoned again. Every inquiry was made, and the daily papers were full of the mysterious occurrences for several days. Finally it was forgotten, but the mystery of the affair remained unsolved.

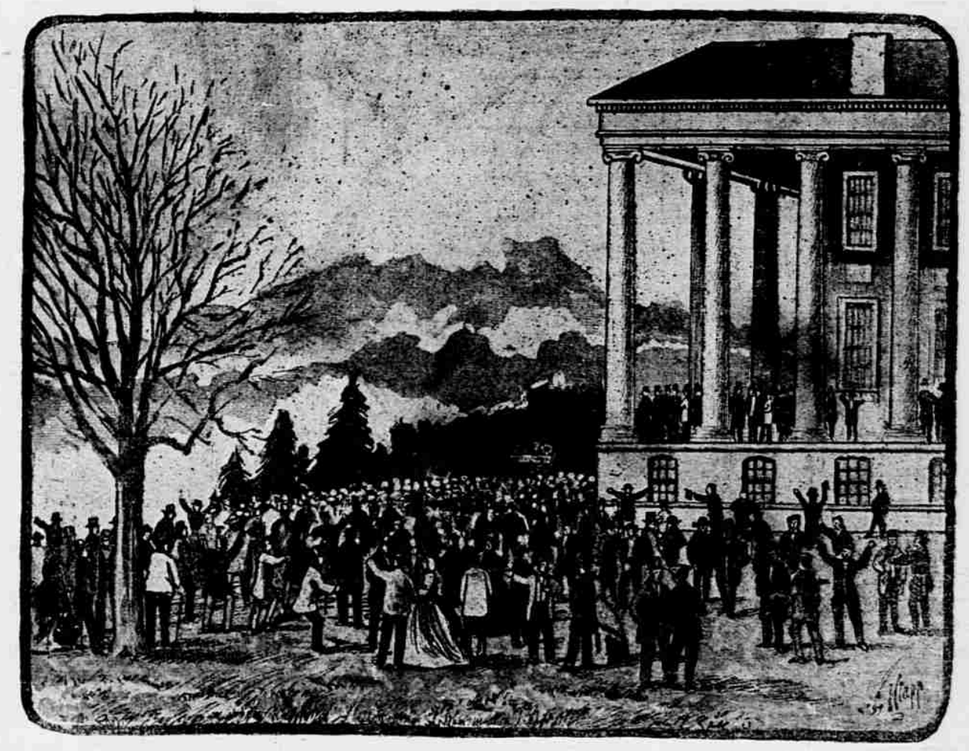
SECESSION CONVENTION.

Soon after these strange events, secession grew apace, and the State Legislature passed a bill calling a convention to consider the interests and the duty of the State. That was the Secession Convention. An election for members to this convention took place. Many of the members of the Legislature that had passed the bill for the convention were elected to the convention of their making. Two members were to be elected from our city—Richmond. The daily papers, the *Dispatch*, *Enquirer*, and *Examiner*, had fully espoused the Secession cause. The Richmond *Whig* fought valiantly, and against heavy odds, for the cause of the Union; and anon I shall speak more fully regarding the *Whig* particularly.

Our candidates for the convention on the Union ticket were two very accomplished and prominent gentlemen—the Hon. John Minor Botts and Marmaduke Johnson. Mr. Botts had represented our district in Congress, while Mr. Johnson was a very popular young lawyer. Both were understood to be uncompromising Union men. To be brief, Marmaduke Johnson was elected, but Mr. Botts, by some hocus-pocus, was declared defeated. Much was said about the matter, but as the Secessionists managed the election almost entirely, nothing could be done about it, and Mr. Johnson, alone, was elected.

There can be but little doubt that rascally means were employed by the Secession party to encompass Mr. Botts's defeat. He was a man of powerful intellect, and a noble orator, also being perfectly fearless; and it was worth a great deal to the Secession party to have him defeated, and he was defeated.

The convention assembled about the first of '61. And just here I wish to say that



SCENE IN THE CAPITOL GROUNDS WHEN THE SECESSION ORDINANCE WAS PASSED APRIL 17, 1861.

of Richmond, and—you know the rest, oh, reader.

Now, my reader, I could say that the secession movement was planned by certain persons who knew that such a course was illegal, unwise, in violation of the Constitution, and, altogether, a deception and a snare; but, of course, I do not say so. That is all on that subject.

In the *Century Magazine* of February, 1888, is published an article entitled, "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion," by Gen. W. T. Sherman. A paragraph in that article so forcibly indicates the leading causes of the secession of the States, and the consequent armed resistance to the power and authority of the Federal Government, that it may not seem out of place to

assembled, from curiosity, and a large force of police, who were then throwing a cordon of men around the building.

As I arrived the family occupying the house were moving out; the lady, with a child, I believe, was being assisted into a vehicle at the door by her husband, who also got into the vehicle and rapidly rode away. They seemed to be stricken with terror, and the lady quite in a fainting condition. Just then everything was quiet. The house in question stood between two vacant lots. The vacant space on either side was about 40 or 50 feet broad. On the right hand from the front the small house was closed. On the left, the door of the house was shut, two upper windows being open, and two or three persons (mulattoes I

these "Recollections" are written without the aid of notes, or a book of reference, except two or three old magazines, hence may not be accurate regarding dates of minor occurrences at all times, but this fact will not detract from its general interest, as all occurrences and incidents are correct, and I have taxed my memory as accurately as possible.

The Secession convention assembled at first in "Mechanics Hall," or "Mechanics Institute," as some call it, located on Ninth Street, near the west end of the "Capitol Square." A Mr. Janney, a Union man, was elected President of the convention. He gave way, it was said, to the Secession clamor early, and Johnson, our standard bearer, made a weak plea for the Union,